

## Good Evening

By Bide Dudley

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THE subject of relatives is one in which everybody is interested. Therefore we know our readers will find Ellabelle Mae Doolittle's poem "Kin," printed herewith, a genuine treat:

How nice it is to have kin,  
People of your own dear blood,

It is pleasant to be near them,  
Unless they get to throwing mud,

Relatives are indeed a blessing,  
I'm glad I have more than several,

But I do not like the no-good ones,  
Which are worthless as the devil.

My sister's child, Teeney Ricketts,  
Kicked old Uncle Petey Balmer.

What if he did call her "Sis"?  
Teeney mustn't act in that manner.

But getting back to relatives—  
Often they visit us too long,

A man at the movies last night  
got fresh,

And squeezed my hand, which  
was wrong.

### OBSERVATIONS.

Roses are in bloom in Yonkers.  
Noses too, we suspect.

Ledoux, bantamweight, gave French a belt on the jaw and kept the belt.  
Sultan didn't tell his wives he was going away. No wonder he fears to return.

Wellsville Band contemplates buying new instruments. So they blame it on the instruments, eh?

We had more of these wonderfully bright paragraphs prepared for you, gentle readers, but the scrubwoman got 'em. What's that—too bad she didn't get these? Aw, now!

### Highway Rhymes.

I walk along on Lexington,  
Where many surface street cars run,  
Each drinking place I used to haunt,  
Is now a store or restaurant.

### The Sputterer.

A friend of ours who sputters when he talks dropped in a few minutes ago to discuss a certain play with us. When he left, our stablemate (at desk 9) grinned and asked if we had ever heard the expression "Say it with flowers."

"To be sure," we replied.  
"Well, that guy says it with showers," came from Desk 9.

Did you ever meet one of those fellows who make you wonder whether you ought to buy a raincoat or call a plumber?

### ICE-CREAM ARTHUR'S LOVE.

(Not, as generally supposed, based on Shakespeare's immortal comedy, "A Midsummer Night's Dream.")

"Anna Crackerjack!"  
The court clerk called the name.

Anna stepped forward. She was the picture of poverty, yet her spirit had not lost its fire. Never had a Crackerjack been known to admit defeat, and Anna was a true descendant of that famous Mud Valley family.

"You are charged with arson. Guilty or not guilty?"  
Before she could reply, an aged Negro spectator arose.

"Yo' Honah," he said, "I's de guilty one. Dis little gal ain't nevah did nothin' wrong."

All wept. This show of devotion from an old family servant was impressive. Anna broke down.

"Oh, Uncle Eph!" she said. "You are such a dear. Has your wife beaten you up lately?"

At that moment a roar was heard. The cyclone had arrived. With its passing came the realization that the Court House had been razed. But Anna was unscratched. To the Judge the lawyer for the State said:

"Wasn't that a terrible blow?"  
Anna drew her automatic. The Judge picked up the menu and ordered pork and beans.

A tense moment followed.

### (To Be Continued.)

### THIS AND THAT.

Standing by the desk in a Broadway hotel yesterday, we heard a

## Short and Snappy

By Neal O'Hara

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BOSTON—Recount shows Beaver saves Henry Cabot Lodge's face.

MOLINE, Ill.—Production of coal shovels drops off 50 per cent.

DAVENPORT, Ia.—Sieve factories work overtime to supply demand.

DETROIT—Republican machine claims it was counted out in recent election under Marquis of Newberry rules.

WASHINGTON—Statistics released by Income Tax Bureau show Pullman porter makes more with his brush than Howard Chandler Christy and Maxfield Parrish.

NEW YORK—U. S. Shipping Board liner sails for Europe with passenger list of 737 bootleggers and three Americans.

CHICAGO—International Brotherhood of Ammonia Workers threaten strike that will tie up 1923 supply of artificial ice.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.—Seats selling eight weeks in advance for Hall-Mills murder mystery. Management claims force will run for full year.

WESTERVILLE, O.—Anti-Saloon League claims drops in recent election carried Paris, Ky., Berlin, N. H., Rome, N. Y., Cairo, Ill., New Philadelphia, O., and other principal cities.

NEW YORK—Clemenceau breaks trans-Atlantic record by arriving from Europe to make speeches without box office schedule attached.

ATLANTIC CITY—At annual convention of Alphabet Soup Manufacturers, committee recommends changes in style for the coming year. Vowels will be omitted from soup to help deaden sound of alphabet soup eaters. Special committee was appointed to determine how to distinguish comma from apostrophe when found floating in a plate of soup.

WASHINGTON—Democrats have high hopes for 1924.

SCRANTON—Coal barons have high hopes for \$19.50.

NEW YORK—Owing to difficulties in Far East, supply of oriental rugs has been cut off. Trade will be supplied with orientals, as usual, from the Near East, including Jersey City and Newark.

DETROIT—Henry Ford, noted automobile manufacturer, is planning to make a dark horse out of himself by 1924.

PARIS—No news about Ganna today.

ZURICH—Nothing new concerning Mathilde this week.

CHICAGO—Everything quiet along Lake Shore Drive. Murci not saying a word.

WASHINGTON—Anti-Saloon League protests against beer, whiskey and creme de menthe colored taxicabs.

BURLINGTON, Vt.—Scarcity of refrigerator cars between Chicago and this city threatens to cut State off from supply of Vermont turkeys for Thanksgiving.

NEW YORK—Guy that used to think up names for Pullman cars has new job of naming brands of fabric washing powder.

WASHINGTON—Postmaster General Work is running 8 miles, 137 yards and 6 inches behind Hayn and Burleson in press notices.

LOS ANGELES—Bumper crop of climate predicted for this winter.

NUTVILLE, Conn.—Private insane hospital adopts slogan. "The guest is always right." Entire enrollment demands immediate release.

NEW YORK—Art jury decides that idea of statue, The Dineus Thrower, is that hunchback is just about to throw away wife's favorite jazz band record.

WASHINGTON—In effort to win women's vote, National Republican Committee announces that 1924 will be leap year.

man ask the clerk if there was any mail for him.

"What's the name?" asked the clerk.

"Canteerya," came the reply.

"The name," said the clerk in a louder voice.

"Canteerya."

The clerk wrote his question on a piece of paper.

"My name," said the guest pleasantly, "is Canteerya."

"You win," said the clerk, as he began going through the mail.

## JOE'S CAR

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## THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY

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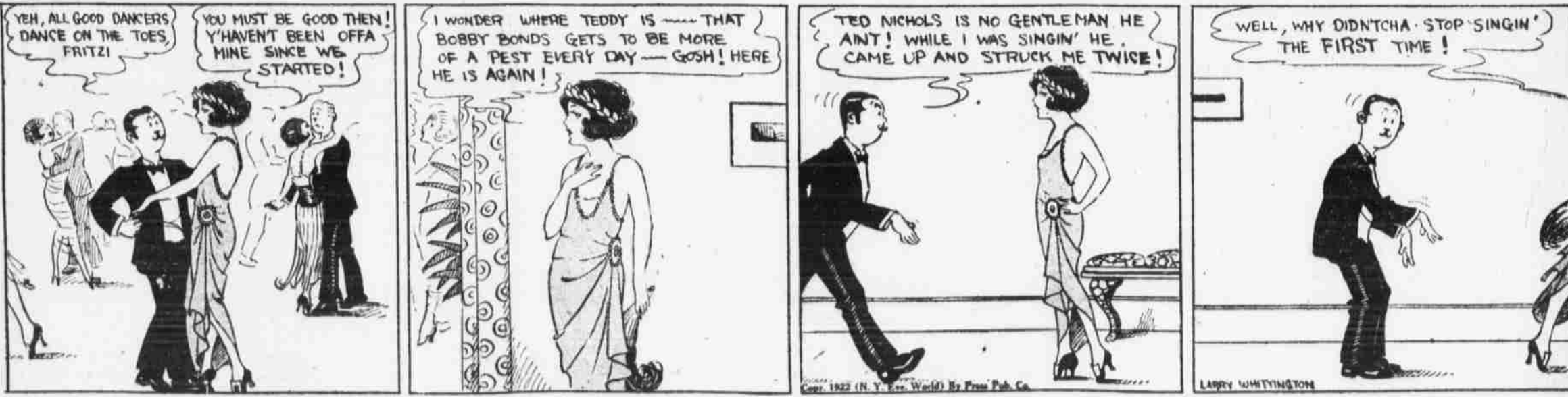
## LITTLE MARY MIXUP

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## FRITZI RITZ

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## KATINKA

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and it has remained indelibly in our mind because it lasted so long we were afraid to go home. "Hamlet" after 1 A. M. is no dish for a youth of ten.

**AND NOW PERMIT US**  
To suggest that, while golf may empty pews, as a New York preacher says it does, it empties a whole lot more bottles.

**HAD REASON FOR WEeping.**  
A LAD in Washington got a job that didn't at all please him — shovelling the snow from the sidewalk in front of his house.

There was a good bit of ground to cover. After about two hours' toil he began to cry.

"What's the matter, son?" asked a sympathetic neighbor, as he came upon the scene.

"A tramp came along and stole the shovel from the boy next door," explained the lad between sobs.

"Well, son," continued the neighbor, "it's a fine thing to be sympathetic, but you mustn't worry so over other people's affairs."

"It ain't that," added the boy, "am crying because he didn't steal my shovel too." — Philadelphia Ledger.